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Choice Real Estate for Sale.

REAL ESTATE.

DAYTONA and its ATTRactions.

The Queen City of Florida.

From the F. E. C. Ry. Booklet.

110 Miles from Jacksonville.
Fare one way.....\$3.39
Round trip.....6.60

74 Miles from St. Augustine.
Fare one way.....\$2.20
Round trip.....4.40

DAYTONA is situated upon the west bank of the Halifax River at its fairest expanse and midway between its source at Bulow Bay and its outlet at Mosquito Inlet. It is in latitude 29, seventy-four miles from St. Augustine and one mile from the Atlantic Ocean, and is acknowledged to be without a rival for beauty among the villages of the South. Its site is upon what is known as high hammock land that was crowned by nature with a most royal growth of majestic forest trees, and among these trees is the town of today, with its beautiful cottages and well graded walks and streets. The result is that all along the wide avenues that intersect the town are lovely live and water oaks and hickories, many of them draped with graceful festoons of the gray Spanish moss, that overarch the street and walks, and among these are interspersed tall tropical palm-trees, glossy leaved magnolias, fragrant bays and coral-berried holly, and many other varieties, while in many places the wild grape, the trumpet vine and the amplexoid climber and clinging among the branches forming shady bowers and adding grace and beauty.

The town lies parallel with the Halifax River, and extends for nearly two miles along the shore. This river is the delight of the angler and the yachtsman and forms one of the town's greatest attractions.

The main avenues that run parallel with or intersect the river are all 100 feet wide, except Beach street, which is about sixty-five feet, but has a half-mile of open, beautiful water abutting upon its eastern side, where the salt waves ebb and flow and along and across which comes the cooling, invigorating and health-giving breezes from off the wide Atlantic, which temper and render the Halifax climate one of the most perfect in the world. Daytona has many miles of well graded, macadamized and shell roads and streets, rendering it the

Wheelman's Paradise

and added to these, but a mile away, are thirty miles of smooth, hard beach, that affords an unrivalled course for long distance cycling and driving or automobile racing. No town of equal size, North or South, numbers so many wheelmen, and cycling is a favorite pastime with the tourists summer and winter.

The Beautiful Cottages

that have been erected during the past years and are being built are rendering Daytona as famous for its fine homes as for its beautiful river, trees and avenues, and they are adding yearly to its attractions.

Not the least of these attractions to those securing homes in the South, and ranking second only to healthfulness and perfection of climate, is the fact that its population is chiefly composed of cultivated and intelligent people, accustomed to the refinements of home and social life. Added to these features are good churches, good public and private schools, stores, hotels, laundry, meat markets, novelty works, an opera house, electric lights for street and house illumination, a good telephone system, ice factory, Lily Water Works, and hot and cold baths, etc., and everything else can be procured that is necessary to make life comfortable. An important feature in the healthfulness of this town is the

Water Supply

which is derived from numerous flowing wells, of which there are probably 300 in the corporate limits. This flow is secured by boring wells to the depth of from 80 to 120 feet, passing through several strata of rock, and this depth assures purity from all surface contamination. The water is slightly impregnated with magnesia and iron, and holds sulphur in the shape of gas, which soon passes away.

The Population of Daytona

proper is about 1,800. Added to this is a suburban population on main shore and peninsula of about 1,000 at Kingston, Blake, Old Seabreeze or Goodall, Seabreeze and Silver Beach,

which are properly a part of the town and population.

Daytona Beach

lies one mile east of the town. It is approached by three good bridges over the river and well-graded avenues, and is the principal summer resort south of St. Augustine. It has more tourists during the summer than all other places south of that city combined, and is also becoming a favorite winter resort. The beach is wide, firm and smooth, by many considered the finest in the world, and the surf bathing is safe and excellent summer and winter. People who have tried Northern and Western summer resorts declare that there are none so perfect in comfort as Daytona beach.

Automobile Race Meet.

The Florida East Coast Automobile Association conducts an annual race meet on the beach, which has now a universal reputation as the greatest automobile race course in the world. The Daytona Ormond Beach is hard as macadam, and an ideal stretch of thirty or more miles without a break makes it the natural racing ground for America.

At low tide the beach is bare for 500 feet and neither carriage wheel, bicycle or pedestrian can make a hardly visible imprint on the smooth and well-packed sand. It is no uncommon sight to see sail-rigged bicycles speeding with the velocity of the wind before a stiff breeze along the smooth beach, thus affording the most exhilarating sport known to man. Besides these, miles of hard-shelled palm-fringed boulevards bring the lovers of the wheel and vehicles into direct touch with the mainland over the broad bridges which span the splendid Halifax River.

The beach from the sandy bluffs to the lowest point at oblique, measures about 500 feet, and the average depth of the surf measures about two feet. A continuous gentle swell rolls in from the ocean from one to two feet in depth under normal conditions, making the beach an attractive and absolutely safe place for surf-bathing. Here the infant as well as the gray-haired veteran of many summers, can safely enjoy the luxury of a sea bath throughout the larger part of the year, while the strong and expert swimmer, can venture out further to test his strength and skill in battling with the inexhaustible powers of the mighty ocean.

The Peninsula

lying between river and ocean is one-half mile wide, and is being rapidly improved, and there are many fine cottages and several good hotels, an opera house, two ocean piers, beach pavilion and a large casino.

A Remarkable Feature

at Daytona has been the yearly improvement in the style and value of the buildings that are being erected for homes. Men of capital of the North and West have become awakened to its advantages for winter residences, and valuable lots are being purchased and costly houses, beautiful in design and finish, are being erected, and beautiful homes, the abodes of wealth and culture are multiplying.

Seabreeze (City Beautiful) and Goodall are settlements on the Ocean side of the peninsula across the Halifax River from Daytona.

At the foot of Ocean Boulevard, Seabreeze, a pier reaches 600 feet across the beach into the swelling surf of the ocean. This pier is a favorite resort of those who delight in the sport of fishing. The surf here abounds in trout, pompano, yellowtail, cavalle, whiting, drum, sheephead and many other varieties of edible fish. During the fall season the famous sea bass affords royal sport, and it has been no uncommon occurrence to land a thousand pounds of this gamey fish in an afternoon. Individuals of them ranging from fifteen to thirty-five pounds in weight. Not only does the ocean offer this splendid sport but the Halifax River, only half a mile back of the ocean, is equally famous for its fine fishing, and the varieties that abound in the ocean are present in the river.

Hunting and fishing good. Experienced guides and dogs may be had at reasonable prices.

EIGHT ABREAST

[Copyright, 1904, by C. B. Lewis.]

"There they come! Steady, now!" "See and hear 'em, Tom?" queries an old veteran of his right hand man as he peers over the top of the earthwork.

"Aye, Ben!" is the answer. Around the bend of the road 200 infantry formed up in lines eight abreast. The width of the road allowed for no more. With bayonets fixed and muskets at the trail they waited for a minute and then made a dash. From the center of the earthwork leaped a sheet of flame from the right and left other sheets of flame. Every musket had a rest on top of the earthworks—every sight covered a human target. The head of the advancing column did not reach the planks of the bridge. It melted away in the midst of the obstructions, to create other obstructions, and forty men lay dead and wounded as the smoke lazily drifted down the stream.

"Pretty fair for what time we was at it," said Ben as he rose up for a look after reloading.

"We ought to got at least twenty more at sich clus shootin'," growled Tom in reply.

"They'll come ag'in, of course?" "Don't be a fool, Ben! D'y'e think the loss of forty or fifty men would stop one of our divisions from gettin' somewhere? If you feel tired and sleepy you'd better ask for leave to go to the rear."

"Say, I don't want too much of yer chin, old man!" "Oh, yer don't! Waal, ye jest tend to fightin' and dyin' and don't worry about my chin. Better shet yer eyes this time and see if ye can't damage some of 'em."

That dash was a feeler to develop the strength defending the bridge and to see if it was mined for blowing up. Around the bend of the road they laughed at the idea of a hundred men holding a division at bay. Further back the soldiers frayed and fumed, and officers swore at the delay.

"Get ready! Fire at will!"

This time a column of 500 men, formed eight abreast, as before, dashed at the bridge with ringing cheers, and though the first four or five ranks went down others lived to reach the earthwork and to make a fierce fight for its possession. For ten minutes there were shot and shout and curse and groan, and then the bridge was clear again, clear of all but the dead and wounded. The veteran Ben was one of the half dozen who started to cheer as the enemy suddenly fell back, but Tom interrupted him with:

"What yer makin' a cussed fool of yerself for?"

"We've licked 'em ag'in!" "Licked hell! If this war don't end in less'n three months you won't know 'nuff to pound sand! The idea of yer yawpin' and whoopin' over a victory when we've lost at least twenty men and when we are sartin to be wiped out, body and butes! Look along the lines!"

Ben looked up and down the lines and shivered as he noted the dead and wounded who had fallen out. And now the enemy developed a force to the right, another to the left, and the men crept forward to the very brink of the ravine and opened such a hot fire that no defender of the earthwork could lift his head. Under cover of this fire a force formed up in the road for a dash across the bridge. The captain sent an order along the earthwork, and each crouching man made ready to rise up and fire when the critical moment came.

"Say, this is gettin' to be redhot!" exclaimed Ben as the bullets sent the dirt flying over his head.

"Waal, we don't need any ice jest now," grimly replied Tom. "We are goin' to get licked on this deal."

"Not licked, but wiped out. The orders are to hold the bridge to the last, and our captain's the man to do it. Furdy little fight—mighty purty. Lots o' heads will git bu'sted when we rise up to fire. Never had a bullet through yer cokenut, did ye?"

Tom did not answer. Just then came the order to fire at will, and as the muskets looked over the earthworks the enemy cheered and dashed for the bridge a third time. Over the rocks and bushes obstructing the road, over the wounded, crying out, over the dead and over the blood spots, and again they reached the earthworks and fought hand to hand.

"Guess they'll stay licked this time!" growled Ben as the enemy fell back after ten minutes' fighting.

"Oh, ye do!" sneered Tom as he jabbed his bayonet into the earthwork to clear it of blood. "Waal, of all the blamed idiots in Grant's army you take the cake. We've got about ten men left to hold a division, and ye are shoutin' for a victory!"

Now, the enemy, maddened by the delay and resistance, crossed, men above and below the bridge, and they were soon taking the breastwork in the rear. The captain was down, his lieutenants were down. A corporal had command of the remnant of the hundred men.

"What d'y'e call this?" asked Ben as the bullets began to come in from flank and rear.

"Next door to hell!" replied Tom. "Face about and see if ye can't hit a barn door."

"I've dropped a man every time I've fired, and—"

And half an hour later, wounded in arm and shoulder and hip, a powder stained, dust covered old veteran appeared before his colonel and saluted and said:

"Company, F, sir; detailed to hold the bridge above."

"Well?"

"Enemy forced the crossing half an hour ago, captain dead, lieutenants dead, all dead but me!" M. QUAD.

DAMAGED BY A MINE.

Have Wrought in Bow of Merchant Vessel Off Manchuria.

Now and then the mines set by warring nations to blow up vessels of war encounter merchant ships of neutral nations and do unintended damage. This happened recently when the Chinese merchant vessel Kashing, bound

from Chefoo to Shanghai, struck a mine at midnight while off the Shantung promontory.

As may be seen in the picture, the hole which the explosion made in the bow of the vessel was a large one. The rent measured 10 by 12 feet, and the deck above it was blown up. Though the passengers escaped uninjured, one member of the crew was killed outright, another fell through the hole in the bow and was drowned, while three were injured.

THE OLDEST SOLDIER.

Hiram Cronk, Veteran of War of 1812, Bears This Honor.

The oldest soldier in the world, so far as can be ascertained, is Hiram Cronk of Dunbrook, Onondaga county, N. Y., who fought in the war of 1812 and is the only surviving veteran and pensioner of that war. Elaborate arrangements are now being made by military authorities and patriotic societies to give him a big funeral when he dies, but at 104 he is still strong and is determined to enjoy life while it lasts. The plan is to bury him with military and civic honors at Cypress Hills cemetery, New York city, by the side of many of his comrades of the war of 1812.

Mr. Cronk was born in Frankfort, Herkimer county, N. Y., on July 20, 1800, enlisted when fourteen in the war with Great Britain known as the war of 1812 and took part in the engagement of Sacket's Harbor when it was invested by the British squadron. He draws a pension of \$72 per month granted him by the New York legislature, has chewed tobacco from boyhood and cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson.

Not Too Blind.

Passerby—I thought you were blind. Mendicant—Well, sir, times is so hard and competition is so great that even a blind man has to keep his eyes open nowadays if he wants to do any business at all.

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SCHMIDT'S VILLA

Overlooking the Halifax River, Daytona, Florida.

The hotel commands a most attractive view in every direction and no finer location can be found in the vicinity. It is only one mile from the ocean and is convenient to the depot, postoffice, churches and public schools. More sunny rooms than any other hotel in town. Bath rooms and lavatories, with sanitary plumbing and all modern conveniences. Cuisine unexcelled. Rates \$2.50 per day and upwards. Special rates by the week. The only Tennis Court in the city is located on the hotel grounds.

HENRY SCHMIDT, Proprietor.

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Since last season this popular house has been enlarged to double its former capacity. Rooms single or en-suite, with or without Private Baths. Hot and cold water in the new part, furnace heat and all modern conveniences.

Menu the Best the Market Affords.

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MRS. JOHN B. PARKINSON, Owner and Proprietor.

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UNDER Leon Despland Owner and Proprietor, DAYTONA, FLA.

THE COLONNADES.

Seabreeze.

A HOUSE OF EXCELLENCE.

A. B. KIMBALL. E. H. FAUNCE.

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Well Known and Popular.

Overlooking the beautiful Halifax River, Daytona. A homelike and comfortable house. First-class in all respects.

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We do the rest.

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Daily boat for TOMOKA RIVER and NEW SMYRNA.

This space for sale

Price \$13.00 For the Season.